

HEY FOR  
**Horn Fair:**

The general Market of *England.*

OR,

Room for CUCKOLDS,

Being a Merry progress of nine  
several sorts of CUCKOLDS  
here discovered.

*Viz.*

A Kind Cuckold. A Contented Cuckold;  
A Dogged Cuckold. A Proud Cuckold;  
A Weeping Cuckold. A Jealous Cuckold;  
A Merry Cuckold. A Pimping Cuckold;  
And an Horn-mad Cuckold.

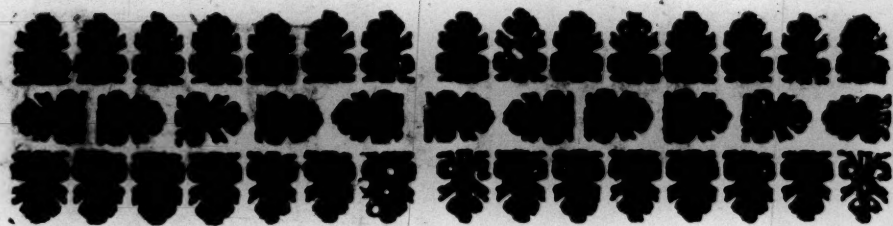
Full of mirth, and merry discourse, newly  
presented from *Horn Fair* to all the merry  
good Fellows in *England.*

To which is added the Marriage of

*Fockie and Fenny.*

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and J. Wright 1674.

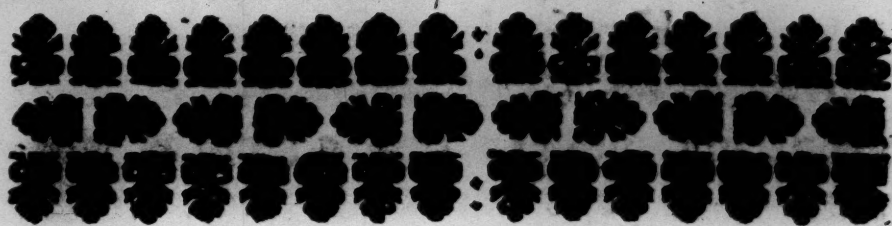


## The Caveat.

**T**O *Enckolds Haven* I present,  
These merry Lines of mine :  
This Jovial place in famous *Kent*,  
At *Charleton* you may find.  
Where Gallants all, both great and small,  
For pastime do repair ;  
Great pains they take, Horns for to make  
And cry, Hey for *Horn Fair*

Hey





## Hey for *Horn Fair*;

Come Gentlemen, here will be gallant  
content for Money.

**G**entlemen, this is to let you  
understand, that I do not in-  
tend to make you a Sermon  
at this merry fair, according to the  
custom: for truly, Gentlemen, I have  
not yet my Orders; but I hope by the  
next Horn Fair I shall be as ready for  
you, as any Citizens Wife, at Horn  
Fair can be ready for a Hey has my El-  
bow itches.

Well it is no matter, because I  
have not a sermon ready for you: you  
shall hear a story shall be worth fif-  
teen. Hold a little, let me snuff my  
Candle, here is a pure light.

Come who buyes my Horns? who  
buys my Horns?



## Hey for Horn Fair.

Stand by Gentlemen, let me look about me, yonder comes a pure Company: I hope we shall have a gallant fair, here is a fine day, and my Candle burns very clear.

Hold, hold what is yonder to do? What, no less then nine Coaches altogether? I pray let me look thorough one of my Horns, and I can soon discover them: Oh here is a pure light, What a gallant Company is here? Come along you pretty Ladies of London, I have for every one of you a new fashion fan made of a pure Horn: come along all you pretty witty Dames of Southwark walking for Horn fair, here is dainty content I promise you.

O strange! Stand back, here is a sight indeed; pray take heed of your selves, war Horns. What? nine several sorts of Cullabinds, and all together: Hold, hold, I am mistaken, I mean nine severall sorts of Cuckolds: bless my Horns to day for I am sure there is some that can pocket up such things, and never go to the Court to make Proclamation:



## Hey for Horn Fair.

O pure Creatures! Kite the contented Cuckold, and Dabbara Do-it, his Wife. I do profess she is a pretty winking Rogue; see how she winks of one eye at yonder Ruffeling Blade: for all his long Cuckaboard, his powdered hair? I am persuaded he is one of my fellows Horn-makers, and now he must go to the Tavern to play a Game at Tick-tack. I dare not speak out. But it is no matter; for while she is a playing one Game, he can take two pipes of Tobacco in the Kitchen. And truly he sees nothing: but he hath the best Wife in all London; for there is never a night that he goes to Supper, but he has ready provided a notable Coders-head, and sometimes a Woodcock, Nay she has a great care on him besides that; for she makes sure to provide him a good new Cap to put on his head, of her own making: but I am sure it had need be a great wide one, or else it will never come low enough for to hide his, Hey ho, let me snuff my Candle, here is a pure light.

Nay

## Hey for Horn Fair.

Now yonder comes another couple  
What more Gamsters yet? What  
Will the Weaver, a kind Cuckold,  
and Winifred his Wife, see how neatly  
he trips it out: See how kind the  
Cuckold is; for he is a traitor he should  
fall, and that makes him lead her  
so by the right arm: O but she is  
as kind as he, for I will assure you  
that before Horn Fair be done, she will  
be as busy with some Gallant; for  
if she but once get hold of his Nose. I  
mean his night Nose, and if she but  
get hold by the end, she will lead him  
an amble in the Cloath-Fair after five  
miles an hour.

House, house! thou blind fool, what,  
cannot thou see my Horns? they be  
not so little; I can lend you a Look-  
ing glas if you cannot see, or else I'll  
snuff my candle: Oh here is a pure  
light, come who buyes my Horns.

Stand up and let me see my Cu-  
stomers: What? Master Prick the  
Taylor, a dogged Cuckold: see how  
he knits his brows as he walks along  
the street? but I dare say his Wife  
cares but little for it; for while he  
is

## Hey for Horn Fair.

is a taking measure of his Customers abroad, he has as good work-men at home, that can take measure of her as well as he, and fit her as well as her Husband can do: and sometimes he and her Gallants can take a Coach; and up to Hide Park, for to hear the pretty Birds sing; and I will assure you she will be as spruce as the neatest Lady among them, I and take as much upon her as the best Gamster there. In sooth, I am very glad he is gone past me, for I tell you truly I was afraid of my Horns; for I am confident he will have two or three pair to carry home before he leaves Horn Fair; but truly he may thank his Loving Wife for them, for all he is so dogged with her: for I dare say: as nimble as he goes, he has not one penny in his pocket, but two Tokens besides a bodkin and a Thimble, will make a Taylors pocket gingle, Cuckow. Hark hark, I thought I heard the Cuckow sing: peace you Whoze, for if Master Prick hear you, he will be very angry with thee; so, so, now he is housed, there will be Game by any by.

Now



## Hey for Horn Fair

Now for a Game at hazard, I lay  
my life: O dainty Horn fair! what  
more Customers yet? Come along  
Gentlemen, horns, horns, come, who  
buys my horns? Give way Gentle-  
men, let me look about me, here is a  
pure light; Let me snuff my Candle,  
O curious Horn fair! What, more  
Cuckolds still? certainly horns will  
be cheap to day; see where the proud  
Cuckold goes, and another proud  
Prodigal leading his Wife, and he  
comes after her just like the Major of  
Horn Castle: I will assure you he  
thinks himselfe a stout Blade with  
his Hanger by his side, and his great  
brown Boots as big as a pair of Wa-  
ter-bags in the North, I do verily  
believe they would go near to hold a  
whole Dicker of hot Pudding, and a  
brace of pottage-pots full of surmity:  
and a pair of Spurs as broad in the  
rowel, as the breech of a young Child  
of threescore and ten: and a fra-  
ther behind in his hat, as big as the  
But-end of a pair of Mill-stones, and  
that he wears behind in the out side of  
his Hat: but he wears a couple of  
horns before, that are as big as ever

## Hey for Horn Fair.

poor Tom carried on his back. Nay, I do beleive that all Lincolnshire cannot compare with this proud Cuckold: O he is a pure Rogue! see, see how neatly he sets his arms aslee, as big as two Rainbows; and I will assure you he has as many gingle jangles about his ears, as would serve a blind man to count a whole Summers day. O what a pretty Duck he has to his Wife? A neat Dame I profess; O he is a pure light to follow in a dark night!

How now? yonder comes another of his Brother Broad-heads, yonder comes Master Simpleton, but you may see he takes not all the care, for he has got a jolly red nose, and a fiery face. faith I think he begins to set his heart at rest now adays. See, see where that Minikin Dame of his goes as proudly as my Lady Loose behind, and as Jocular a Horn-maker, as any livers in all the Temple with her; a Ruffling Blabo I promise you. Indeed I am afraid that Horns will be very cheap this fair, for the Town is full of Horn-makers

## Hey for Horn Fair.

kers, Look, look, I thought what it would come to buy and by, see where Master Simpletons Wife, and a brave gallant rides in a Coach for London, I lay my life to one Bawdy-house or other : and see where the Simple fool stands weeping : this is his old custom : a right Simpleton indeed : just the trick of an Ass, for when any thing disturbs him, then presently he will begin to roar : and so doth this simple Ass his Brother, when he thinks he is or shall be made a Cuckold ; then he sits him down, and weeps, O simple Idiot, hold up thy head, and come buy some Horns at Horn Fair.

Hark how the very fowles in the air laughs thee to scorn. Hark Cuckow, Cuckow : hold thy Tongue pretty Bird, he says he cannot help it. Hey brave, what more Cuckolds still ? See where Master Jealous comes as yellow as the Gold on his finger. O base Knave to be jealous of thy Wife without a cause : thou hast brought her to this evil vice by thy jealous head : for she was as honest



## Hey for Horn Fair.

nest a woman before thou dost begin  
to be jealous of her, as ever rid in  
Hackney Coach with a painted face,  
and Patches: then the jealous Fool  
could not let her alone, but was al-  
wayes calling her Hackney, Whose  
when alas, poor soul, she had no more  
mind to make him Cuckold, then  
a scabbed horse has to rub himself on a  
tree. Yet now I do beleive she has  
learned her Trade pretty well; and  
that makes him to drive her before  
him like a Sheep: just like the Stag  
in the Forrest, that doth drive the  
Doe before him: so doth this jealous  
Cuckold drive his Wife before him,  
and all for fear that some Knave  
should steal her away, and make him  
a Cuckold: but take my word she has  
learned a trick now, that she can fit  
him in his kind: for now if she but  
see any of her Customers, then she  
strait points with her finger: that is  
as much as to say, go into some Ta-  
bern and I will follow. Then she  
sayes to her Husband, good sweet-  
heart will you give me a pint of Wine  
at yonder Tabern; he not de-  
nying

## Hey For Horn Fair.

nying bed, goes in, and there meets with her Customer in a room by himself; he desires their company, because he is all alone: So they do consent to sit altogether, her Husband not knowing the plot, there they fall to drinking Sack, till the jealous Cuckold falls fast asleep: Then she and her companion presently takes Coach, and away to a Vaulting-house, while the poor Cuckold lies asleep with his face downwards, for fear any should wrong his Horns while he sleeps, and all that while she lies on her back with her eye fixed upward like a Star-gazer.

O pure company! a Knave and a Maiden is a pair: O brave come along Gentlemen, come buy my Horns quickly, I pray you; I would fain be gone, I cannot stand still, See, see, I pray you, where the merry Cuckold comes? I dare say, he will be as merry as the Mouse in the Malt: See how he smiles as he goes before his Wife: And so how she winks on her companions to meet her at the

Cuc-

## Hey for Horn Fair?

Cuckolds Haben, to sing one merry  
Strain for the honour of Horn Fair.

I will assure you, you never heard  
such a merry Story told in a Horn  
Fair Sermon in all your life, as  
this merry Cuckold will tell, when  
he and his loving wife comes into  
Horn Fair: for then he is sure to  
have good store of Wine, Ale, Beer,  
and Tobacco: And sometimes his  
Wife will thrust halfe a Crown in  
his hand, and bid him go drink that  
among his friends, while she has a  
little civil talk with a friend of hers;  
so he thinking he has sped well, he  
goes his way singing as merrily, as  
ever you heard the mad men of Go-  
thams Bird sing in May; I, and oft  
he had as many pretty tunes with  
him.

But hold hold yonder comes the  
veriest Knave in all England, a pitti-  
ful pimping Rogue: See how he goes  
peeping and spying about him? For  
some ruffling Blade that hath more  
Money then Honesty. This fellow  
is the greatest maintainer of Horn-  
Fair, of any man in all London; for  
when



## Hey For Horn Fair?

when he meets with any brave Gal-  
lants that hath a desire to have a Game  
or two at Have at all you pretty Ladies,  
then straight he is set at work to fetch  
in Gamesters: for he keeps as good  
of his own as ever Kid Hackney to  
Hide Park. O he is a pure Rogue!  
I dare lay any man half a couple of  
nothings, that he beats the best  
Gamester in all Horn Fair, three for  
one: And to be sure he must be  
fetcht first, for he'l lose nothing; and  
while he is playing a Game or two at  
lay her down easie, he runs down to  
the Wintner for a quart of Hack very  
well burn'd with Sugar, for the  
Gamesters, and this is the pimping  
Cuckolds condition: Take my word  
if there be not some course taken with  
him, Horn Fair will not be worth  
coming to, he doth cause so many  
Horns to be made. Out upon him  
Villain that seeks to bring a good  
Fair to nothing: Upon my little  
honesty, it were a very good deed to  
have him ston'd out of the Town,  
for I think he has none; nay, he is  
not fit to stay in our society, but for  
one

## Hey for Horn Fair.

one thing, and that is this; he never comes to Horn Fair, but he carries two or three pair horns with him, and that they be lobely horns indeed: for I dare say he wears one pair thus big, and they at least be twenty years old.

Come, stand off, and let me snuff my Candle, and look about me, Cuckow, Cuckow. Hold, hold, make room for yonder comes the horn-mad Cuckold, see how big he looks? I do believe you never saw Bull look more sternly at a Butchers Dog, then he looks. I pray you Gentlemen mind him well, you may chance to know him; and if you do not, I do: It is that great fiery-fac't Villain, that gathers up all the eye.

Hold a little, crys the Piper, He play no more of that Tune, for fear Knaves should dance it more then honest men: but I pray see how stoutly the Cuckold goes with a long Tard by his side; nay, but stay a little, I had like to a stumbled: A long Sword by his side, and a pretty neat fools Feather in his Hat behind: But if

B

you

## Hey for Horn Fair!

you look him in the face, you will bless  
ye: for if you will belibe me when  
you hear the truth, he has a pair of  
Horns growing on his head a this fa-  
shion, as big and as wide as any maid  
can lay her legs for a fit of hey ho, e-  
nough of that.

I pray stand a little further, I, but  
look a little yonder: See where that  
pretty sweet soul his Wife goes, a  
pure pretty do what you will Gentle-  
men; here is gallant ware for your  
Money, and enough of it I will war-  
rant you: See what a pretty leg and  
a foot. I protest it is enough to make  
a man a Whore, if he never see nothing  
but Mil-stones. O dainty Horn Fair,  
thou art the flower of all Kent for gal-  
lant ware. O pure light, horn of all  
sorts. Thus big, ho.

Well, now I think Horn Fair is al-  
most done for this day: But see, see  
where all the gallant merry jovial  
hearted Butchers of London and  
Southwark, all for one merry Cup at  
the Cuckows Haven: I will lay my  
life they must needs have a parting  
cup before they go, O brave Boys I  
promise



## Hey for Horn Fair.

promise you : Tanners I pray you  
look about you : for take my word the  
Butchers be stout Blades. There-  
fore I pray you take heed, and say  
Tom To-seeke gave you a fair warning,  
for if your Wives be in Town, you  
may very well carry home the Horns :  
for take my word here is tearing  
Blades in Town. for you know  
Master Tanner, you are but the But-  
chers servant, to carry his Horns a-  
way when he is at home : Therefore  
I pray you do not think much of the  
Butcher out of his lode give you a  
pair freely to carry home, for a Horn  
fairing.

O strange ! The nearer night, the  
more honest men : I pray see where  
comes the jovial Shoe-makers, I  
profess a company of gallant Blades.  
I am perswaded they do intend to  
meet the Tanners at the Cuckows  
Haven, to see if the Tanners have a  
good horn to give them, for to make  
them Shooing-horns : for I am per-  
swaded they can give the Tanners one,  
when they will : for you know  
Shoe-makers cannot very well bring

## Hey for Horn Fair.

Shoes home; but they must bring  
Shoing-horns with them, and if they  
chance to leave the Tanners a pair in  
lobe? Why should they be angry? for  
they are balliant Blades, and of ano-  
ther Blood, and scoons to sit out for a  
scratch on the forehead.

So, so, now I think Horn Fair is  
done for this day for Horns, except it  
be in the Cloath Fair, and there will be  
great doing, I dare say. For there  
will be as many Horns made in one  
night. as will serbe all the Combma-  
kers in London, this two thousand  
three hundred thirty five Years to  
make Combs on: But if they do not  
serbe, there is enow making every day  
and night.

And now Gentlemen, the Fair is  
done, 'tis time for me to shut up shop,  
for my Candle is almost out. I have  
already declared unto you the merry  
Pastime of Horn Fair, and opened un-  
to you a Cabinet of Nine several  
sorts of Cuckolds: And that is to  
say,

The Kind Cuckold. The Con-  
tented Cuckold. The Dogged Cuc-  
kold.

Hey for Horn Fair.

kold. The Proud Cuckold. The  
Jealous Cuckold. The merry Cuc-  
kold. The Pimping Cuckold. The  
Weeping Cuckold. And the Horn-  
mad Cuckold.

And now I will sing you a jovial  
Song of Horn Fair, and so fare-  
wel.

## The Song.

*The Tune is, To get in order your Maiden-  
Head again.*

**C**ome all you gay Ladies that lives in  
the City.

Come hearken the story which here Ile  
declare :

And all you brave Gailants that loves a  
Maid pretty

Provide you a Coach, and away to Horn  
Fair.

There is dainty good Chear, and all of the  
best.

Content for your Money, pray think it  
no scorn,

For



Hey for Horn Fair!

For you Ferret a Cunny, if I may break  
a jeast;

What though many a honest man doth  
wear the Horn?

You may have strong Beer and Wine of the  
best,

'Tis not good to go fasting from morning  
till night;

With a pretty sweet Pigeon you drink to  
digest,

With an eye as clear as the Stars that gives  
light:

With a plump cherry cheek, as red as a  
Rose,

In silk and brave Sattin she goes every  
day;

With her Fan and her Feather most brave-  
ly she shows,

Come along you brave Gallants, you  
shall have fair play.

And now Gentlemen, that you  
may know that you are welcome to  
Horn Fair, John Presbyter bids me  
in the behalfe of his Country-men to  
invite you to the Wedding of Jocky,  
and

Hey for Horn Fair.

and Jenny, which is in a set form, as followeth.

## A Scottish Marriage.

**W**E dont use to Wad in Scotland  
as you Wad in England :  
Jocky comes to the Kirk, and takes  
Sir Donkyn by the Rochet, and says,  
God morn Sir Donkyn. What's  
the matter Jocky ? What's the matter  
A wadding, a wadding ; a wadden  
says he : Diant you see the Hoppits,  
and the Skippits, and the Bellons,  
and all the Lads of the Gang ? He  
doe, He do, He come to you belibe.  
Then Sir Donkyn gangs to the Kirk,  
I spèr, and I spèr ; hoe a deals doe  
you spèr ; Jocky of the high Lone,  
and Jenny of the Long Cliffe : If any  
one know why these two might not be  
wadded together, let them now speak,  
or hold their beane tongues in the  
Deals name. Jocky, wilt thou ha  
Jenny to thy wadded wife : I ha,  
Jocky san after me : I ha, Jocky wilt  
thou ha Jenny to thy waded wife, to  
be

## Hey For Horn Fair.

be, and to ha, for ever and eber; for-  
saking all Loons, Rubber Loons,  
Swig-bellied Calves, black Lips, &  
Blue Noses; ay forsooth. If these  
tway be not as well wadded as ere I  
waded tway these seaven years, the  
Deal and Saint Andrew part them.

I am yours in Love and Mirth,

*Thomas To-seeke the Author*

T. R.

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## War Horns



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